

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Couper.*



PEDRO PEREZ, THE MASTER MULETEER.

THE HOUSE OF DE VALDEZ.

CHAPTER IV.—FRIENDS AND FOES AT THE POSADA.

THE posada is to the towns of Spain what the venta is to the country, an inn where man and horse can find lodging; but little else is to be expected. The hotel system which prevails in the rest of Europe, with all its accommodations and charges, has now its representatives in all the principal cities; but when the first of the Stuarts sat on the English throne, Spain, though far before England in the fine arts,

and—what may be called ornamental manufactures—the work of the silk-weaver and the silversmith, was as far behind her in all domestic arrangements and conveniences as she is at the present day. The posada was then the only place of accommodation for travelers in the largest town, and one or two of the kind was the most that could be looked for. There people were expected to bring their own provisions for man and horse; to cook for themselves, or get the cooking done by their servants; to wait on themselves in like manner; fire, water, and beds, the latter not of a very

choice kind, being the only things supplied, and no distinction of person or rank provided for, the nobleman and the muleteer faring equally well or ill. Rich men who travelled with large retinues rarely put up at those primitive inns; they were generally entertained by the alcaid or governor of the town, who reckoned such receptions among the duties of his office; but all wayfarers of humbler fortunes had no resource but some house like that in which Count Eduro and his servant had made their head-quarters since they came to Cordova.

The large public room which they entered from the street—for the house was of Spanish, not of Moorish building—did duty for kitchen, parlour, and in crowded times for a sleeping-room. A projecting chimney, with a broad hearth and a blazing fire, occupied almost the one end; it was flanked on either side by shelves, filled with all manner of copper, pewter, and wooden utensils, the latter greatly predominating. There all culinary operations had to be performed, every one making use of the fire in turn; and sometimes there was anything but peace around the cheerful blaze. The opposite side was the parlour end, furnished with two or three rough tables, benches, and stools, and supplied with windows of wooden lattice-work (the use of glass being limited to great mansions), through which the evening air came in to cool the overheated atmosphere, and in some degree neutralise the odours of rancid oil and garlic, still inseparable from Spanish cookery.

There were few callers at the posada that day. The landlord sat in one corner playing dice with his neighbour, the barber, whose hours of business were over; the landlady sat in another, slowly spinning on the primitive distaff; and two hawkers were disputing over a saucepan at the fire.

As the count took possession of a bench nearest the window, and Lope went to look after the horses and the provender, there entered a traveller whose coming seemed to quicken the life of the house. The landlord turned from his dice, the landlady looked up from her distaff, and their handsome daughter came down the stair in all the magnificence of a crimson gown, and a kirtle embroidered in many colours, the usual attire of the *maja*, or belle of the middle classes, as she then existed in Spain. The new comer seemed worthy of her smiles. He was a *majo* or beau of the populace: his velvet cap, edged with gold lace; his scarlet doublet, decked with innumerable tassels; his light blue hose, of the widest trunk formation; his bright yellow boots, and his embroidered belt, with a highly ornamented pouch at the one side, and a scabbard of gilt leather, which might have contained a long knife or a short sword, at the other—all proclaimed the fact, as well as his jaunty, almost swaggering air. The whole household welcomed him as a friend rather than a customer. None of them had taken the slightest notice of Count Eduro. The people of the posada were never expected to pay any attention to ordinary travellers; but ordinary this guest was not. He told news to the landlord, bandied jokes with the barber, complimented the landlady, whose face had not been washed for some time—she was said to be above the vanity of soap—and made flattering speeches to the handsome daughter, with his hand on his heart, or at least on the left side of his doublet. He had bidden Count Eduro a courteous good evening, and while the count was responding, Lope returned from his forage with a rueful face.

"Master," he said, "there is nothing to be got;

every shop is closed, except the vintner's, and we have eaten up all the provisions. What shall we do?"

"You will sup with me, honourable caballero," said the newly-arrived. "If you and your man will take shares of a partridge-pie and as good sausages as ever came out of Estremadura, I will take it as a favour. My name is Pedro Perez, at your service, and all Cordova know me to be an honest man, and a master muleteer."

"Many thanks for your kind offer, friend, which I will gladly accept for myself and my servant, on condition that you permit me to send for as much good wine as will properly wash down such noble fare," said the count.

"Nay, let me pay for the wine too," cried Perez; but Lope had already caught the purse which his master flung to him, seized a convenient flagon, and departed to the vintry. While the master muleteer was yet remonstrating, and the count parrying his attack with declarations that he would have the worst of the bargain, as himself and his servant, like true Biscayans, would be found able trenchermen, Lope returned with a brimming flagon of the rich sweet Cordovan wine, made from the vineyards which the Moors planted around the summer palace of their Calif, on the southern slope of the great mountain ridge which rises above the city. Perez having brought in a saddle-bag, from which he produced the promised good things, the three were soon seated at the same rough table discussing a capital supper.

It is one of the advantages of inconvenient, unconventional times and countries, that they are apt to foster the social virtues of hospitality and good-fellowship. Such an exchange of substantial civilities between travellers who had never met before, was far less remarkable in the morning of the seventeenth century than it would be in the afternoon of the nineteenth. The good fare and good wine warmed up their quickly-made acquaintance. The count declared his name and rank, that he had come southward by sea, having important business in Andalusia, and that he intended to return home by the way of Madrid, having friends to see in that courtly city. Lope expatiated on his own desire to get back to the Basque provinces, on the glories of his wild western hills, and on the fame of his father the smuggler. Perez shook hands with master and man alternately across the table, assured the count that though he had never been in Biscay, he was well acquainted with the name and fame of his illustrious family, that the Eduros were every one valiant knights and noble caballeros, and he felt sure that the honourable señor who supped with him that evening was the most valiant and noble of them all. The exploits of Lope's father appeared equally well known to him, and probably they were better. He had tales of the senior Mendez, his desperate encounters with the preventive service of his day, and his successful stratagems to defraud the revenue, which Lope himself had never heard before, and he wound up by advising the young man to hold himself worthy of such a father, and not disgrace his parentage by making an inferior match or taking up with low company.

Pedro Perez was in person a good specimen of the Andalusian populace, for whom nature has done so much and education so little, even to our own time. His gay clothing served to set off a well-proportioned figure and a face both manly and handsome, though somewhat hard and weather-beaten, for it had met

the fierce storms and fiercer sun of the Sierra. He was also a good specimen of his class, the ever-ready indispensable muleteer, on whom the inland trade of the Peninsula depended, to whom households looked for news, and travellers for direction; the man whose moving life and varied opportunities made him the best acquainted with the Spanish world of his age; whose frankness was at least equal to his intelligence; whose self-importance, being never checked or questioned, generally took the good-natured turn of making other people pleased with themselves, and who was on these various accounts welcomed and listened to wherever he went. Yet there was in the face of that master muleteer, when the flow of his discourse happened to be checked for a moment by a question or remark not entirely to his mind, a look at once lowering and ferocious, which might have warned the most casual observer that he was a man who must either be pleased or dangerous; and his black eyes, even in the most jovial hour, had an expression of cold and sinister cunning, which told of a nature like that of Borgia, who always smiled most kindly on the man for whom he had the poison ready, and such natures have never been rare in Borgia's Spanish land.

In the meantime, Perez was in the height of his good-humour, and evidently inclined to do most of the talking. He described with equal relish and enlargement a romali or gipsy dance, a procession in honour of the Virgin, a bull-fight, and an *auto-da-fé*, all which he had witnessed in the course of his recent journey to Granada. The familiarising power of habit which made our ancestors accept things which we could not tolerate for a moment, had accustomed the Spanish people to things far worse. If there were not a leaven of deeper depravity in the national character than in the rest of Europe, upon which superstition and tyranny could work to darker purpose, it is hard to account for much of the authentic history of the land, and from that history alone one can comprehend how the horrors of the American conquest became possible. Not one of Pedro's audience, which now comprehended all in the public room, including the landlord's handsome daughter, appeared to be in the slightest degree affected by the most shocking of his details. They listened, wondered, questioned, and at times applauded the muleteer's witty remarks and ingenious comparisons, and sincerely sympathised with his account of his own and his company's fears lest the bull might prove too tame for a good fight, or the heretic recant at the sight of the faggots. Count Eduro alone was uncharmed by his eloquent descriptions, but he was man of the world enough to show his distaste only by silence, and a look which Lope alone could read in his master's clear blue northern eye, which, so great is the power of association with more advanced minds, considerably damped the honest Biscayan's enjoyment of those choice narrations. Just as Perez was preparing to enter on another *auto* which he had the luck to witness in his last trip to Seville, the count took the opportunity to change his strain by inquiring if a gentleman of his extensive travels and experience could inform him whether or not the report was true that the famous robber chief Carpaza de Sierra had been taken and executed at La Mancha.

"It is a groundless rumour, señor, as you may know to your cost, if you attempt to cross the mountains with much gold or valuables about you. His ill-wishers, envious alcaldes and the like, are always

getting up such tales when Carpaza chooses to withdraw himself from the Sierra, doubtless having business in other quarters. Sometimes the execution takes place at La Mancha, sometimes at Toledo, or somewhere farther north; but trust me, he is too cunning a fish to be caught in a hurry, as I happen to know," said Perez, with a look of importance befitting the subject.

"Perhaps you have the honour of Carpaza's acquaintance?" said the count.

"Perhaps I have, señor; we muleteers get to know people of all sorts. Besides, let me tell you what, being a Biscayan gentleman and not a native of this south country, you may not know—that Carpaza is not one of those low footpads who would rob a pedlar of his pack, or a market woman of her pannier; no, he is a bandit of the first class, who never robs anybody but hidalgos, government officers, and perhaps, when it is worth his while, a merchant's caravan;" and Perez forthwith launched out on the exploits of the mountain robber. How he had waylaid the chief tax-gatherer of Andalusia on his journey to Madrid, with saddle-bags full of ducats for the king's treasury; how he had surrounded the Duke of Sidonia and his travelling train on the road to Rondo, and did not let one of them off with a silver pin; and how he had robbed the silk merchant's caravan on its way from Granada to Valladolid, with satins and brocades for the Infanta's *trousseau*.

These tales delighted his audience quite as much as the *autos* and the bull-fights. Like the subjects of despotic governments in general, they had a dread of the authorities, but no respect for the laws. The first-class bandit who set them at defiance, and robbed hidalgos, chief tax-gatherers, and wealthy merchants, on the wild mountain ways, was a popular hero of still higher account than the successful smuggler. Great was the admiration and great the applause. The Biscayan count laughed as heartily as the rest, for Carpaza's doings, however lawless, were clever in their way. The landlord's handsome daughter was particularly enthusiastic; she vowed she would rather get one glimpse of that gallant caballero of the mountains, than see the best bull-fight that ever took place on the Alameda, or the finest procession that ever marched round La Mezquita on Easter-day, and begged to know if he was a handsome man.

"That he is," said Perez, "well-made and well-favoured, something like myself and the noble señor from Biscaya here."

"You do me too much honour," said Count Eduro; "but how is it, Master Perez, that you, who doubtless carry valuable merchandise, are not afraid to cross the mountains with such a neighbour at hand?"

"That was just what I was thinking," said the landlord, and the rest of the company chimed in with their wonder at Pedro's temerity.

"Well, you see," said the master muleteer, "many a man would be frightened; but I mostly carry for Señor Antonio Diaz, and he being in partnership with the blessed St. Ferdinand, Carpaza would not lay a finger on his goods."

"What," said the Biscayan count, "do the gentlemen of the Sierra pay such respect to the saints?"

"Carpaza does, I assure you, señor. To my certain knowledge there is not a better Christian in Cordova than he. There is not a church of any note in Andalusia that he has not sent handsome offerings to, not

an image that he has not bestowed something respectable on—a pearl necklace to one, and a velvet mantle to another. Yes, you may look surprised, noble count," said Perez; "but the good people here know by public report, I dare say, that Carpaza hears mass as often as any of themselves, and keeps the holy days as strictly. So you see his respect for St. Ferdinand makes me safe in carrying goods for Master Antonio Diaz, and when I get any other man's merchandise on the backs of my mules, I just call it his, and if Carpaza doesn't quite believe me, lets it pass for the saint's sake."

"A pious robber," said Count Eduro. He knew that the brigand who would rob or murder a traveller without remorse, but not for the world break one of the fasts of the church, was no uncommon character in Catholic countries.

"Ah, pious indeed!" said Perez, crossing himself at the very thought of the bandit's Christianity; "you have no such caballeros as he in Biscay, señor. But perhaps Carpaza may show himself there some day."

"He will show himself on the gibbet some day, if he doesn't take care," said a voice at the other end of the room. The entire company looked round and saw a Capuchin friar, who had entered unobserved at the half-open door, and was seating himself by the fire as he spoke. The friar followed up that prophetic sentence with the usual salutation, "Save you all, good Christians," to which every one in the room responded, "Save you, reverend father;" but his appearance had a striking effect on the small assembly. The landlord and the barber pushed their dice out of sight and retired to separate corners; the landlord's handsome daughter retreated to the inner room, with the door ajar, that she might see and hear Perez; the two hawkers betook themselves to finishing the remains of their supper; Lope seriously contemplated the bones of the partridge he had eaten; and the master muleteer, silenced for once in his life, took a long, deep draught from the flagon of wine, as if to restore his courage. On Count Eduro alone the Capuchin's coming made no visible impression; yet at the first glance he knew him to be the very same friar with whom he had that brief but not friendly conversation among the ruins of La Moreria. The recognition was easy, notwithstanding the shrouding effects of the long gown and the thick cowl which the friar had now drawn over his shaven head. A beard of unusual length and thickness left only the upper part of his face discernible, but the high, smooth forehead and delicately arched brow might have served for a Grecian statue; the dark eyes, veiled by long silken lashes, and generally bent on the ground, had a strange swift light in their upward glance, which belonged to the morning rather than the evening of life; and for a man whose beard was perfectly grey, the slight figure had an elegance of symmetry and a graceful activity of motion that were truly surprising.

The count noted these particulars, and also that the friar was taking cognisance of him. He knew it by the swift and stealthy glances shot from beneath his cowl, not meant to be seen, but intensely watchful; and when the unwashed and industrious landlady, who alone of all the house had a welcome for the friar, laid aside her distaff and busied herself to serve him with the only supper he could be prevailed on to take—a piece of bread, a little vinegar, and a cup of water—the Capuchin talked with her for some

minutes in a low tone, and from the good woman's look, Eduro judged that the conversation regarded himself. It was not a pleasant discovery; but accustomed to trying situations, the Biscayan's frank, handsome face betrayed no consciousness of what he saw and thought. But the master muleteer was an equally keen observer. "Are you inclined to take the evening air, and see the company on the Alameda, señor?" he said. "I always take a stroll before bed-time."

"I will follow your custom, for it is a good one," said the count; and they were soon in the street, followed by Lope, with whom it was a principle never to lose sight of his master in the strange city if he could help it.

"Might I ask if you know yonder Capuchin, honourable señor?" began Perez, when fairly out of the friar's hearing.

"I have not the honour of his acquaintance," said the prudent Biscayan. There was something about his jovial companion which warned him to keep his own counsel.

"He is from Catalonia," continued Pedro, "come here on some business of his order. It must be very particular, for nobody knows anything about it; these Capuchins are such sealed letters. I like the Franciscans far better. I have met with some fine fellows wearing the cord and sandal on my travels,—could sing a good song, drink a cup of good wine, and notice a pretty girl when they saw one."

"Our landlady does not seem to be of your opinion," said Count Eduro.

"Pooh! there is no end to the fuss those old women make about the friars. They keep them in tune, you see, when youth and bloom are over, as the old song says. I'll be bound she has confessed all her sins to him, and all her neighbours' too, as far as she knows them. The friars get into everybody's affairs that way; and between ourselves, I should not wonder if yon barefooted gentleman was a familiar of the Inquisition. The Capuchins have got quite as much of that business in their hands as the Dominicans of late. There is no good in those eyes of his, they look as cold and keen as a Toledo blade. But no doubt he is a holy man," added Pedro; "and in my opinion there is nothing really bad but heresy."

"Oh, nothing," chimed in Lope Mendez, giving his master's cloak a sly pluck; "the saints keep it off us all. I am sure there is no heresy in the part of Biscay we came from."

"No, I don't think there is much of the kind in Biscay; for that matter, there is not much in Spain now; but I leave such affairs to the church, as every Christian should," said Perez. "But, honourable señor, was it fancy or a mistake of mine—I thought the Capuchin cast a rather curious eye in your direction?"

"Do you think so?" said the Biscayan, carelessly. "Being from the north himself, he may have taken me for a countryman, though there is no love lost between the Catalans and our Basque people. But at the time I was thinking of certain leather merchants in La Juderia, for whom I have been waiting to set out on my journey to Madrid, since the week before Holy Cross Day. If you know anything of them, Señor Perez, I should take it as a favour to have your opinion."

"Yes, señor, I know them well, and I also know the proverb, 'Wait for rain in summer, and for

leather-dealers all the year.' You had better come along with me as far as La Mancha, where I am going with my twenty mules, all well laden, I can tell you, with goods belonging to Señor Antonio Diaz, a thriving merchant and an honourable man. Some people look down on him, indeed, because his father happened to be a Jew, that is, he was one before the Inquisitors converted him—oh, were not the people of Cordova disappointed that day! they all expected an *auto-da-fé*—but, for my part, I don't think a man should be despised or made much of either on account of his birth, except just the people of the blue blood. I am not a bit proud, nor given to take upon me, as all the world knows, though my father was parish priest of San Carlos—he was, indeed—and wanted to make a monk of me, but I had no vocation for singing psalms. It's time enough for that, says I to myself, when one has seen the world and had one's day. So I ran away and took to the mule-teering business, for which I had a vocation, it seems, and the old man got reconciled when he saw me getting on, which is more than priests' sons, or nephews, I ought rather to say, generally do when they take to things temporal," said Perez.

The count was amused but not surprised. He was well aware that the Church of Rome, while theoretically enforcing the celibacy of the clergy, yet permitted them to form domestic connections much less honourable than ordinary marriage. The fact was patent in all Catholic countries at the time, and examples of it may yet be found in Spain.

"Well, I am not a bit proud," continued Pedro, "and I don't look down on Master Diaz: he pays well, as St. Ferdinand's partner should. Many a cargo of goods I have carried for him, and mean to take another to-morrow; the bales are all made up in his warehouse yonder. What a managing sister he has got; she would be worth gold to any man, if she hadn't such a temper, and was not so terribly devout. I am told there is no getting in to Our Lady's chapel in San Ferdinand's without falling over her at vesper time. But, honourable señor, as the evening is wearing away, what say you to setting out with me to-morrow? I must tell you that my first halt will be at the venta of San Juan de Roca, kept by that honest man and good Christian, the shepherd Elasco. Ah, I could tell you wonders of him. He suffered for his faith, next to a martyr, I may say. You see, he was a fisherman in his youth, being born on the Cadiz coast, and one day a Moorish rover of Salee caught him and his boat, and he was a slave for many a year in Barbary. I don't know how he got back, but it made him give up the fishing and take to keeping sheep. He is to have a shearing to-morrow, and I am going to the feast. You must know the shepherd is a particular friend of mine, and there is somebody else in San Juan."

"There is somebody in the room yonder," said the count, pointing back to the posada.

"Yes, yes, I understand; you mean Joanna, the landlord's daughter. She's a fine girl to dance a bolero with; but I look for something more genteel, as a priest's son and a master muleteer ought. However, I am going to the feast," said Perez, "and there is business as well as pleasure in it, as I expect to meet Señor Antonio at the venta, and get some directions which he has to give me regarding his goods. Make up your mind, honourable caballero, for truly I desire to have your company across the mountains, and you will not find a better escort."

"That I well believe," said Count Eduro, "and will be glad to journey with you as far as La Mancha, where, doubtless, some other good company will be found to Madrid, for I am tired of waiting for these slow men of leather."

"Well said, noble Biscayan; but I must take a last look after my mules and men, and arrange with Señora Catalina about the hour of lading; she won't care how early it is. Adieu for the present, we shall meet at the posada," and Perez disappeared down a very dark lane.

"The Virgin be praised!" cried Lope; "I know this is all her doing. It was such a lucky thing, when I saw her image on my way to the vintry; I just took time to say three aves, and beseech her to send us out of Cordova with all convenient speed. You see I had rather overlooked her of late, being greatly taken up with my father's favourite saint, Martina; but there is none of them like the Virgin after all; she shall have such a candle from me when we get safe to Madrid."

"Lope, Lope," said the count, "your saints serve you exactly as my sins and follies have served me,—they make you forget the Master of all."

"Your honour and I will never agree on that point, but you'll be converted some day," said Lope.

"Not by the Inquisitors, I hope," said the count.

"That is a dangerous subject to jest on in Cordova, master."

"So it is, my good Lope; yet to look on the city streets in this sweet soft hour, who could think there was such a cause of dread and danger within its walls?" and Count Eduro laid his hand kindly on the shoulder of his faithful servant. There was a brotherly understanding between those two, partly arising from years of trusty companionship through strange lands and perils, which bind men together, whatever be the difference of education or degree, and partly from the similarity of their age and feelings, for youth alone comprehends youth, with the full fresh sense which time wears and withers away even from memory. As they stood there side by side in the early night of the southern summer, hardly so dim as the winter day of the gloomy north, with the balmy air around, the starry sky above, and before them the Alameda of old Cordova—the place of open-air recreation, of display, of gossip, of love-making; more than the Boulevards are to Paris, or the parks to London, has the Alameda been for centuries, and is yet to Spanish towns—as they saw the old sitting in groups beside the fountains which played and sparkled in the light of many lamps supplied only to that part of the city; as they saw the young in their best dresses, showing to most advantage in the soft deceiving night, moving about in gay companies with a hum of mingled laughter, jest, and chat, or whispering matters of deeper interest to them, in the shadow of the tall palms that skirted the Alameda; as they heard in the neighbouring streets the sound of tinkling guitars and youthful voices, singing the romantic love songs of Andalusia, under the broad balconies and deep porches of the ancient houses,—the spirit of the hour took possession of them both, and even Lope felt inclined to stay in Cordova.

"There is a handsome señora taking notice of your honour," he whispered, as a lady with fine black eyes flashing from beneath her mantilla passed close by the count.

"It is not worth her while, Lope; I am thinking of a fairer face than any here, and a young heart

that should be free and joyous as the forest bird, shut up in yon great empty decaying house, in the half-ruined, forsaken La Moreria, with old people whom strange misfortunes have crazed, at this best hour of the Spanish day, when all the city are abroad and all the young are happy. Listen to the sounds of song and guitar on every side; now, if one had but a fitting instrument and song to sing beneath her window!" said the count.

"Yes, and bring old Jacinta out upon you with a boiling kettle maybe, or the don with all his blue blood up. Now, master, for the sake of your guardian angel, if you have any, do be advised and keep off that Casa de Valdez. You know you are a man of adventure and roving life, who would not care to bind yourself to house and home and a woman's apron string, as you have often told me; and I know well that Andalusian families, however fallen in fortune, will stand nothing that touches their honour. Besides," and Lope's tone grew lower, "how do you know that the Capuchin, who I verily believe follows your honour about, or some of his friends from the Alcazar, might not be lying in wait for you, knowing, maybe, as well as myself, that if your honour had not gone to La Mezquita on Holy Cross Day, and used your eyes among the mantillas, as a gentleman will, you would have been out of Cordova long ago?"

"Lope," said the count, "after being with me seven years and more, you surely know me better than to think I would meditate anything against a family's honour. He who does the like cannot expect to escape judgment in this world or the next, and though my life has not been clear from great folly and grievous sin, yet of such designs I am guiltless in thought or action. Whatever may be the prudish and contracted notions of these southern people, who indeed resemble the Mussulman they hate and war with in their ideas of social life, I was born in a frank and free land, where a man was thought no ill of for paying his court to a fair lady in all honesty and discretion. Yet what you advise is for our safety, no doubt; I will keep far from the Casa de Valdez, and set out to-morrow with our new friend Perez. Not that I entirely trust the man; one knows not whom to trust in this land of hidden snares, and he talks more than seems to me sterling; but I like not the watchful eyes of yonder friar, whom Perez also appears to dread, which I hold a good omen, and a change of company and quarters sometimes takes a man out of danger."

POOR PEOPLE'S MARKETING.

THERE is hardly any more striking or suggestive spectacle to be met with by the rambler in London and our largest provincial towns than that of the poor man's market. It may be regarded as a kind of social fungus, inasmuch as it is apt to spring up suddenly wherever the conditions of the soil are favourable to its appearance, and wherever it does spring up it is apt to maintain its ground in spite of attempts to root it out. An institution born of necessity, it refuses to be dealt with despotically; and cannot be put down, not so much because it rebels actively against municipal authority, as from the mere *vis inertiae* it opposes to all endeavours to get rid of it. Hence it has been allowed in the main to regulate itself, the police interfering as little as pos-

sible, and seldom for any other purpose than that of preserving order. Gentility ignores the markets of the poor, and respectability would fain sweep them away, but the thing is not to be done. In London there are some fifty established markets, but these are all too few for the labouring multitudes who spend their money chiefly on the Saturday evenings, and for them the street market, which is but an aggregation of street stalls, often extending for miles in length, is an indispensable necessity.

One need hardly at the present time point out the localities of these markets—indeed the difficulty would rather be to show in what portions of the metropolis they are not to be found. As the working poor abound in nearly all districts, so is the market of the worker to be found in those most available thoroughfares neighbouring his humble home. All along the lines of route bending towards the suburbs, north, south, east, and west, the Saturday market sprouts out on its chosen spots in the course, at latest, of the Saturday afternoon, and ere the lapse of a few hours the aspect of the neighbourhood has changed from a scene of comparative quiet and repose to one of characteristic uproar and seeming confusion. To a stranger the scene is sufficiently startling. The sun has set, but the darkness which should have come down is banished by hundreds of flaring lights blazing in all directions, produced by combustion of the volatile gas of naphtha or petroleum, contained in a species of kettle with a long snout, and sending forth an odour not at all fascinating to the senses, to say nothing of the smoke which goes on increasing every minute, and, refusing to rise in the dense atmosphere, hovers like a lurid cloud over the scene. These flaunting lights are the pride of the dealers, who seem to emulate each other in their wasteful use of them. The stalls, which consist of any practicable contrivance for showing goods, as handbarrows, hampers, wheelbarrows, flat boards on tressels, wash-baskets, etc., etc., are all pitched over the gutter flanking the kerb-stone, so that the foot-pavement is kept clear for customers and other pedestrians, and the roadway is, or is supposed to be, left passable for the wheel-traffic—though where the roadway is narrow this latter precaution is apt to be overlooked, so that drivers of cabs and coaches will avoid the market route rather than risk the perils and contingencies of the passage.

During the early hours of the evening it is amusing enough to stroll through the market and note the varied and grotesque phenomena it presents to view. The crowd as yet is not impassable, and the noise, though it is something astonishing, is not yet absolutely deafening, and you may watch the business that is going on, and note how the poor man or the poor man's wife or daughter caters for the supplies of the morrow. What will not fail to strike you, if you have selected a fair average scene for observation, will be the rare variety of goods offered for sale, so that although the market is in a manner extemporised, there shall seem to be everything in it adapted to the wants of the poor man and his family—nothing would appear to have been forgotten. Vegetables, of course, cut a very prominent figure, and though it may be that the mass of them are the rejected of Covent Garden, they look tolerably fresh from a recent sprinkling of water, while they offer a selection of all that the season supplies. Please to remark, also, that they are considerably made available to the very poorest purchaser. Look at yon old

woman; she has just bought the scrag of a neck of mutton for a few pence, and she has a penny left for the herbs. How is she to get the herbs for a penny? do you ask. Nothing easier—instead of buying the herbs separately, she makes her way to a stall of scraps kept by a kindred old dame, where little piles consisting of a fragment of celery, a sprig of parsley, a slice or two of turnip, another of carrot, and a little spray of thyme or leaf or two of sage, are all sold in the lump for a penny: nay, if she had but a half-penny she could buy half of the little lot, and so manage to season the bit of scrag for her Sunday's dinner. This consideration for the poor buyer, of which the above is but a type, is a marked feature in the market, and meets you everywhere; it is a thing that would be scouted by the shopkeeper, but is dearly prized by the needy.

Along with vegetables of all kinds there are fruits of the season, which latterly it has been the custom to sell by weight instead of measure. They are cheap and abundant. Many of them are importations from France, purchased first-hand by the dealers in Pudding Lane; more, it is likely, are the refuse lots of Covent Garden, and as these are generally of a very perishable kind, they have to be sold for just what they will fetch. Dried fruits also are not wanting,—figs, dates, prunes, cocoa-nuts, Spanish-nuts, etc., none of them of prime quality, being bought by the costers from the Jew dealers at their clearance sales—but all still eatable and sufficiently cheap. Mushrooms are sure to abound in the poor man's market whenever they are to be found by the mushroom-hunters, and huge masses of them are sometimes cleared off rapidly at sixpence or even less per pound. Pineapples too come in their season, and if you should be seeking for truffles, tomatoes, or anchovies, you need not seek in vain. As for the commoner vegetables, such as kail, tubers, and salads of all kinds, they disappear by tons in the course of a night's marketing.

Along with the fruits of the earth there is the wealth of the sea, and that, too, in no less striking variety. Almost every edible fish that swims comes to the Saturday rendezvous. In what condition it comes we cannot precisely say, for the information of one's nose is not always to be relied on in the presence of the sulphurous naphtha lamps which the fish-seller indulges in so lavishly, with a view, it is whispered, to put you literally on a false scent. But the fish are there in all their silvery splendour—turbot, cod, ling, gurnets, haddock, mackerel, whiting, plaice, flounders, dabs, maids, and all kinds of flat fish; lobsters, crabs, crawfish, mussels, whelks, clams, cockles, periwinkles, and also, in their season, the endless shoals of herrings or sprats. Salmon, we have remarked, rarely come fresh to the poor folk's market, but when they do come they come in heaps, and abound on every fish-board. With regard to soles, also, we have noted that they are apt to make no posthumous appearance until after undergoing the ceremony of cremation, together with bread-crumbs, in the frying-pan, when they wear an appetising hue of rich brown, and are eaten *al fresco* as snacks or relishes by hungry customers. Other "snacks," no less relishing, tempt the hungry worker on this side and that. There are truncated pickled eels in saucers, whelks floating in amber-coloured gravy, oysters, notwithstanding their assumed rarity, little round tubs of pickled salmon, with sliced cucumber; and bladders, redolent of their

oily roes, steaming from the gridiron. And just look at that old fellow with the white hair who is frying sausages in a square tin pan over a charcoal fire; mark how thoroughly he is absorbed in his work, how, in spite of the bawling and clatter around him, "unmoved amidst the war of elements," he watches with mute intensity the operation in which he is engaged; how he dodges among his savoury subjects with that two-pronged fork, controlling the gradual change from grey to brown, and withdrawing them at the very nick of time when the fat treasure bursts its cerements, and they are in the precise condition to be eaten. Old Friz has no need to bawl and bellow for customers; he only minds what he is about, knowing full well that his dainty kibobs will walk off of their own accord so long as he does them justice. Then, allied to the pork sausages, but *longo intervallo*, there are those unfathomable "bags of mystery," the saveloys, all hot at a penny each, but of which the less said the better. We might extend the list of snacks, and sing of black-puddings, and brawn, and hot Chelsea buns, and plum-pudding, *alias* "spotted dog," and spotless batter-pudding in square smoking lumps, and pease-pudding, dealt out with a ladle; but the subject is too tempting for our limited space, and we pass on.

Pottery of all domestic kinds is sure to be a prominent figure in the market, and you will note that the market potter shows his practical good sense by abjuring a stall or any substitute for a stall. He knows that a fall which would not hurt a cabbage would smash a pitcher, and so that his wares may not be thrown down by the crowd he spreads them on the ground, and in order that they may be seen sticks a couple of his flaming beacons on the same level. Unlike old Friz, Potts has a tremendous voice, and he shouts and vociferates accordingly in a style almost deafening. Rearing his tall, wiry frame in the midst of his goods, he sways this way and that like a reed in a high wind, bawling the praises of his pots, dealing them vigorous blows with his clenched fist to show their strength, tapping them on the edge to produce the ringing tone which warrants their soundness; and dilating with rapid eloquence on their astounding cheapness, he challenges all competition, and recklessly affirms that he will sell every pot he has brought, that he will carry nothing home, and that if folks won't buy them at his price, why then they must have 'em at their own. This sort of rhetoric seems to be no bad persuasive, if one may judge from the fact that Potts somehow or other (perhaps because experience has taught him the real demand of the market) generally contrives to get rid of his cargo.

On the bare ground, also, one is likely to find the dealer in hardwares. He is not a vociferous subject, by any means, but having the habit of doing rather than talking, not seldom brings his work with him to the market. His wares are the requisites of the kitchen, fire-irons, flat-irons, gridirons, frying-pans, steak-roasters, dangling-spits, tin Dutch-ovens and American ditto, heating-rods, pots, kettles, stew-pans, saucepans, tin mugs, bowls, basins, and patty-pans, waterpots for the garden or the house, rat-traps, mouse-traps, beetle-traps, candlesticks, tea-services, coffee-ditto, and no end of "notions" besides. Surrounded by these various wares you may chance to find him sitting at his work of wire-weaving, and you may watch a toasting-fork, or a fire-guard grow into being beneath his industrious fingers. Of course his ready skill attracts the attention of the crowd,

and it is probable serves him quite as well as an advertisement as would a voice that should equal that of Mr. Potts.

By the side of the hardware-man, you may, perhaps, meet with the basket-woman, a wan-faced widow with her little girl, who attend the Saturday market in order to turn into cash the labours of the week. Their produce consists of a few baskets of the simplest kind woven by their own hands, assisted by the industry of younger hands at home. The widow is well known to the frequenters of the market, and many of them make a point of buying only from her such articles as she can supply them with. She takes orders as well as sells goods, and will weave you a set of dinner-mats for the table, or a basket to any size or pattern, if you will entrust her with the commission.

Other manufactures which the market supplies are toys for children, which it may be remarked are generally of the home-made rather than of the imported class; they are stouter, heavier, and have "more wear in them" than the German toys have, so that little Jacky and Bessy are longer in knocking them to pieces. Then there are the chimney ornaments, the most awful libels on art and good taste to be met with anywhere, manufactured for the most part by the struggling small potters at Lane End, and consisting of the vilest imitations of Sevres and Dresden china done in the coarsest delf, and flaring in frightful contrasts of colour. A slight improvement on these are the modellings in clay and white plaster, consisting of busts and classical figures, and shrines with crosses, and cottages with open windows and a light burning inside. Art is also represented by the printseller, who is there with his copies of great works by modern English masters, done speciously in lithograph by the German pirates and sold in England by the million. Landseer figures prominently in this peculiar traffic, and is thus brought within reach of all who have sixpence or a shilling to spare. The printseller often makes a showboard of an inverted umbrella, and is enabled to shut up shop in an instant should the rain come down. The bookstall, again, is rarely absent, and exhibits a very second-hand stock of popular works, together with new and cheap editions of old school-books at less than half the price that would be charged by the schoolmaster.

In summer weather you will probably note flitting to and fro among the crowd the ragged and shoeless boy hawking bunches of carrots, turnips, onions, or whatever is in season; and at the same time you will see the little flower-girls, who come thrusting their nosegays in your face, and demanding your custom with beseeching looks. These poor little waifs are merchants without capital, who hang about the market, and in this way tout for those who will trust them in the hopes of earning the price of a meal.

Tools are a pretty constant staple of the market. Though second-hand for the most part, and half-worn out, they are yet of practical use, and as they go for a very low price, they are often preferred by the journeyman to new ones. They generally figure on a heaped-up board mingled with all kinds of metallic odds and ends, which is the *peculium* of some ancient marine-store keeper. Along with tools you will sometimes see the carpenter's tool-baskets—those familiar receptacles of the working implements which he carries to and fro on his shoulder: these baskets are not of British make, but are the only staple

manufacture of the Faroe Islands, where grow in abundance the tough flags of which they are woven.

We stated above that the respectable world would like to ignore the poor man's market if they could; and this we believe to be true—but respectability is accustomed to "keep its weather eye open," and hence we find that men of capital, as well as poor dealers of no capital, are ready and eager to do business in the Saturday market. For many years past it has been the custom for the regular shopkeeper to invade the track of the popular buyer; and at the present time all along the routes covered by the interminable cheap stalls we find the shops fronting them all furnished forth to meet the poor man's wants, and competing for his custom. Here is the furniture-broker, whose yawning mart contains everything from a four-post bed to a rolling-pin; the slop-seller, with his interminable array of jackets, vests, and pantaloons, ready and anxious to rig out the whole multitude; the cheap grocer glorious in heaps of tempting dainties; the cheap butcher who as he whets his greasy knife is ever and anon bawling for custom; and the butter-shop with its white draperies, its creamy-looking wares, and its greenery suggestive of the country dairy. If some of the shops seem to stand out of this category it may be that they do so only in seeming: thus that grand-looking jeweller deals mainly in low-priced Brummagem wares; that German clock-shop will sell you an eight-day time-piece for seven shillings; and at that fashionable looking milliner's, Jack Robinson's wife shall get a brand-new bonnet for half the sum. It is to be hoped that, with the opportunities thus afforded of spending their money usefully and economically, the working man and his wife will not waste it wantonly; but among the crowd of shops the gin-shop is here flaring and flouting at every corner, and there, together with the drinking and drunken men, women not a few are spending their "market-penny" in the devouring fire-water, and betraying by repulsive speech and angry tones of voice the dismal effects of their besetting vice. Alas for such wives and mothers!

Not very long ago some strong measures were authorised, which, had they fully taken effect, must have put down the poor man's market, have exposed him to unmanageable inconveniences, and have ruined the thousands of needy stall-keepers and costers who provide for his weekly wants. Happily for him the measures were found impracticable. Under existing circumstances authority might as well have tried to stop the tidal wave. If we may be allowed the figure, the poor man's market is a tidal wave, which comes rolling in weekly along the winding shore of London streets, freighted in plethoric abundance with all that the poor man wants. It may be desirable on certain grounds to get rid of it, but that will not be done so long as the poor man has to deal with the conditions imposed upon him by society and circumstance as they now are; and therefore authority, wisely enough, winks at an evil, if such it is to be called, which it is only efficient to modify, and in some degree to regulate—but cannot abolish.

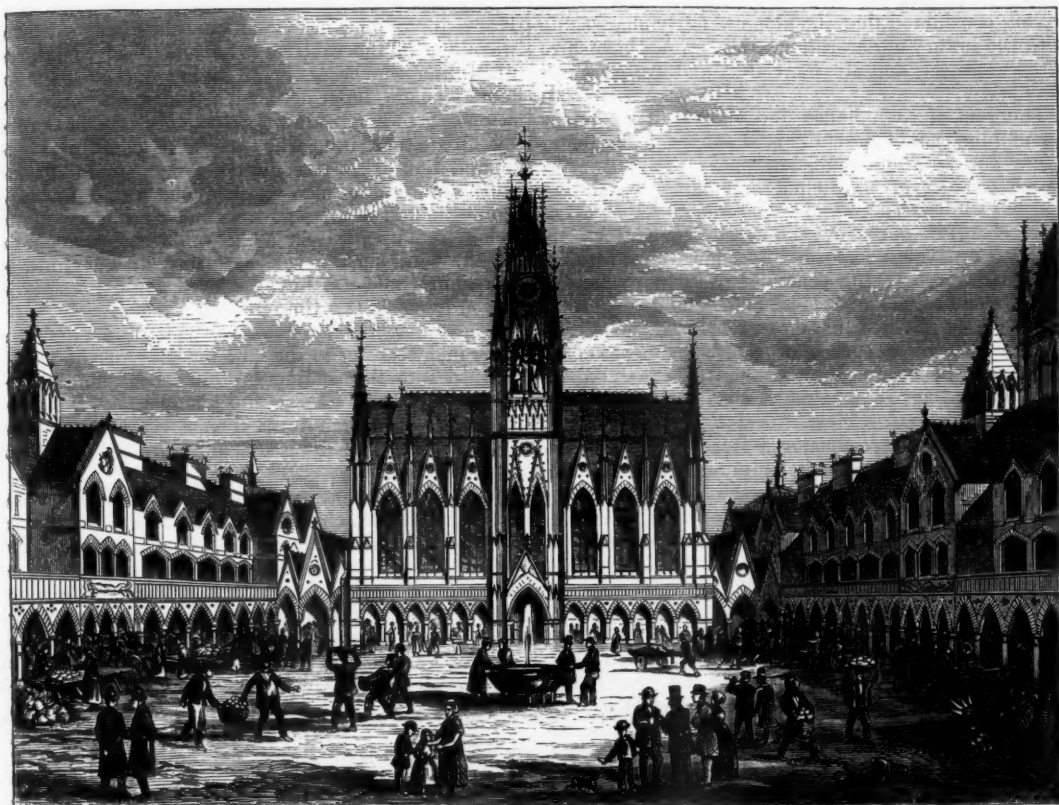
COLUMBIA MARKET.

VARIOUS attempts have been made to provide public markets for the poor, but not hitherto with success. The most notable of these efforts in recent years is that

of the Columbia Market, Bethnal Green, to which we referred in our memoir of Miss Burdett Coutts.

The most conspicuous feature is the great hall; it is more like a college chapel or a Continental *hôtel de ville* than any edifice attached to an English market. It is 104 feet long, 50 feet wide, and 50 feet high. Lofty and graceful clustered pillars, composed of

is supplied, here and everywhere, in abundance. The light of the hall is obtained from lofty windows, with mullions and traceries, and ventilation is secured by casements made to open outwards. There are four entrances, each consisting of three pointed arches in carved Portland stone. Ample provision is made for artificial light, by a large gaselier suspended from the



COLUMBIA MARKET.

Peterhead and Aberdeen granite, highly polished, support the groined roof, which springs from bronze capitals, and is handsomely constructed of pitch-pine, stained to a tint darker than the natural wood and approaching the colour of oak. The walls are built of Connemara marble, renowned for its closeness of grain, its fine greyish green colour, and its capability of receiving a mirror-like polish. The aisles formed by the rows of pillars are divided into small stalls twenty-four in number, and appointed in a fashion never before essayed in any English or European market. The counters are made of massive blocks of the pure white Sicilian marble, five inches in thickness. The flat roof of these small shops or stalls, ranged in four blocks of six each, are to be used as platforms for the display and sale of plants and flowers. The area of the hall, including that of the paved roofs of the stalls, is 3,276 square feet. The size of the stalls is not great, and seems, indeed, to be rather cramped for the purposes of trading. Their depth is only 13 feet, their height 8 feet, and their width 6 feet 9 inches; behind which is a closet or cell, too small to be called a room, but conveniently fitted with desk and fireplace. Water

roof, and numerous candelabras placed at intervals between the pillars. Leaving the market hall, we enter the large quadrangle, which is surrounded by Gothic arcades and solidly-built houses. On the side opposite the hall is the central gateway, formed of large arches, surmounted by the market offices. At each corner of the square are lofty buildings, two of which are let out in flats, and two—those adjacent to the market hall—called the Sir Francis Burdett Coffeehouse and the Market House Inn. A very handsome clock tower with belfry, 125 feet high, rises above the roof of the market hall, and is a really beautiful object. The large clock is placed over a sort of chamber, in which stand four colossal figures, which strike the hours.

The gateway is surrounded by a scroll, bearing the inscription, "The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and all that dwell therein." The other gateways around the quadrangle are also surmounted by pious inscriptions, one of which, "An unjust balance is an abomination to the Lord, a just weight is his delight," is especially conspicuous. The workmanship throughout is nobly substantial, real, and finished. The ironwork of the gates and other

appurtenances is all hammered, and is as richly foliated as the forgings of the middle ages. The cost of building exceeded by several thousands of pounds the original estimate. £150,000 was to have been the outlay, of which it was calculated that £100,000 would cover the solidly useful work, and that £50,000 would suffice for embellishment. We believe that £170,000 will fall short of the actual cost; but the return is looked for on £100,000 only, Miss Coutts having considered that she alone is fairly chargeable with the luxury of decoration. Mr. H. A. Darbshire is the architect, and Messrs. Cubitt and Co. were the builders.

The rent of each house and shop is fifty guineas per annum, that of the stalls in the market-hall being 10s. a week. The accommodation in the former instance consists of a kitchen and large warehouse underneath, the shop, and nine rooms besides, all of them cheerful and convenient. A plentiful water-supply is everywhere afforded by a high-level service. The quadrangle in the centre of the square has an area of some 14,000 superficial feet. The grey granite pavement is divided at intervals by lines of red granite into little spaces of six feet square each, which will be occupied by dealers of the humbler class, who do not require much space for the display of their goods. In front of the shops and all around the quadrangle runs a cloistered arcade. In the centre of the quadrangle is a large lamp, and basins for the supply of water. Underneath the square are two immense vaults. Each occupant of a stall in the market hall is allowed the use of a cellar twenty-four feet long and eight feet wide, on a level with the large vaults already mentioned. The material of which the buildings are mainly composed is yellow brick, with terra cotta for the mouldings, and Portland stone is employed freely for architectural effect.

If the idea has been to supersede the poor man's marketing in the streets, we fear the purpose will meet with disappointment. But the splendid buildings may yet be turned to some other use for the economic benefit of the neighbourhood.

AN ADVENTURE IN THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

WHEN a young man, I once sailed, as surgeon to a whaler, on a three years' cruise in the Pacific. The vessel was owned by a firm in Sydney, New South Wales, to which colony I had gone in charge of an emigrant ship. On leaving port, we first steered for the southern fishing-grounds near the Antarctic circle; and, after a tolerably successful summer cruise of some months' duration, the first place we made any stay at was one of the Falkland group. These islands are, or were then, favourite calling-places for whalers and sealers, there being abundance of drift-wood for fuel, while fresh provisions, in the shape of geese and other wild fowl, are abundant, and still almost as tame as when first visited by earlier navigators. Cattle are also plentiful on the larger ones, as well as horses; and pigs are to be found on others. At the time I visited them they were unsettled, except by a party of guachos from Buenos Ayres, who had come down for the purpose of hunting the cattle, which were slaughtered in thousands merely for their hides.

It was the first time our captain had ever called

there, but his mate, and many of his crew, were familiar with the place; and soon we were at anchor, alongside a sealing vessel (which had crossed over from the straits on the same errand as ourselves), in a landlocked and apparently quite safe port. But the first news we heard was that a French whaler had, during the preceding week, been driven ashore, and made a complete wreck, in another harbour only a few miles off, even safer looking than our own. Her skipper had, in his self-conceit, disregarded the warnings of the sealers, who had tried to impress upon him the necessity of laying out at least two more anchors, lengthening his cables, and otherwise attending to his ground tackle. He was soon taught, by dire experience, what a Falkland Island blast meant, and what it could do, even in a landlocked cove not a mile across. His one cable instantly snapped, and letting go a second anchor could not bring him up; and in a jiffy his ship was on the beach, with such a sea battering at her hull, as monsieur could not have believed could possibly be raised in so short a time in such a basin.

Eager for a run on shore, while the crew were busy in attending to the safe mooring of the ship, I jumped into the sealing captain's boat, and visited his craft; and, after a short stay there, I landed where his crew had built themselves a hut. After a hearty meal of fat goose, off I started for a walk round the harbour.

In a few minutes I reached the summit of a rising ground, from which I had been told I could see the wreck of the Frenchman. She seemed about two miles off only; and I suddenly resolved to walk over and take a look at her. It was about two o'clock, and I thought I could easily visit her and return long before sunset. The sensations of one finding himself on shore, after months of confinement on shipboard, have often enough been described. I felt as if I trod on air, and once or twice took a run up some slope,—to let off some of the superfluous energy which thrilled through every fibre of my frame. The country was very like the bleaker portions of my own native north;—wild waste moorlands, swelling hills, broken with granite rocks, and extensive bogs of peat; and everywhere water welled out and flowed. At starting I had the sea to my left, and for a time always in view; but I had to make a good many circuits to head streams and morasses, and in my chase of some plover I was at last led a long way up a valley, or rather a moorland, bounded by grey hills—either quite bare, or on which only a few dwarfish trees and patches of stunted bushes and shrubs grew at intervals.

I had my fowling-piece, but after knocking over a few of the geese I met with, I gave them up. It was cruel work slaughtering birds who sat still to be shot at. The plover gave me more sport, and I had put a couple of brace into my pocket, and was walking up the brow of a hill to pick up a fifth, when all at once I found myself placed in a position of great peril.

I had mounted this rise, in order to look round and ascertain my whereabouts; for I had been out of sight of the sea some time, and was some few yards only from the summit. I had just picked up the bird, when a black object suddenly appeared on the crest above me, and there stood, in relief against the sky, the form of a monstrous black bull.

I had as yet seen no cattle, though their tracks were numerous enough, but any idea of danger awaiting me during my walk had never entered my

imagination. I found out, however, afterwards, that the peril I had heedlessly run into was one against which, had I only mentioned my design of walking to the wreck to the sealers, they would most emphatically have warned me.

The slaughter made by the guachos above mentioned amongst the cows (which are alone used for food) had caused a great preponderance in the number of the bulls, which roamed about in small parties, or, as in the present instance, took to a solitary existence. Individuals of this kind were noted for their ferocity, and rushed on man or horse the instant they caught sight of them. When this fellow saw me, he paused a moment as if in surprise, for we had come into each other's presence very unexpectedly. It was, however, barely for a moment, for, with an appalling roar, he lowered his front, and rushed down upon me. In my native land I had been familiar with the beast, and perhaps was not so daunted as many another would have been, for once before I had been in danger of a similar nature, and often had I listened to my father's herdsmen discussing the best methods of procedure in such a contingency. So suddenly, however, had the thing occurred, that it was more by instinct than from calculation that I bounded aside at the right moment, and while he was carried by the weight of his body and the impetus of his rush down the hill for many yards, I ran over its crest, looking about for some means of safety. He was after me again the moment he could pull himself up; but, fortunately, the hill on the other side commenced to slope downwards directly its ridge was surmounted, so that I had run some distance down it ere he had returned to the spot I first saw him on.

I had cast an anxious look around, in search of the nearest rock to get behind, or on the top of, and, to my great joy, I saw some, but they were about fifty yards off. Instead of at once making for them, which would lead me along the side of the hill, I was obliged to run obliquely, for my only chance of reaching this shelter was by doing this, and standing another rush. Touch and go it was, too; for in the critical moment, my foot slipped and I fell, and one

of the animal's horns gave me a severe blow on the shoulder, tearing a hole in my shooting coat. However, down the hill he shot, and picking myself up as nimbly as I could, I made hasty tracks for the boulders; but he recovered himself quickly enough to give me a smart race for it, and got to the place almost as soon as myself. Most of these rocks were small, but I had noted one larger, and my relief may be imagined, when I found that by dodging round it, I could keep my antagonist at arm's length.

I had instinctively clung tight to my gun while I fled, and I now managed to reload it. Small as the chance was of piercing such a front as that before me with duck shot, I could but try. A magnificent head it was, too, and terrible to look at, as, with eyes blazing with wrath, he sometimes paused in his vain circuit of the rock and pawed the earth, as if he meditated a leap over it. Once he actually placed a hoof on it; but its form forbade the intent, if he entertained it. Though not much larger than an ordinary-sized table, it was round topped, being about five feet high in the centre. Had it not been for this, I am sure he would have tried to jump down on me from the upper part, or that highest up the slope.

His rage when I let drive my first shot, full in his brow, was something terrible. It certainly staggered him for awhile; but so far from disabling, it rendered him more furious. For another ten minutes he kept me so constantly on the alert that I could not reload. His disappointment inflamed his madness to that degree that at last he dashed his horns against the rock with such fury that a large piece was broken off one. Either he partly stunned himself by the shock, or his ire moderated so sensibly, that I was able to reload. This time I steadily aimed at one of his eyes. He showed no signs of making off, and I fired a third time, but did not fairly hit his eye. But he was so stunned that he dropped on his knees. I think the second shot had penetrated to the brain, and was taking slow but fatal effect, for he soon fell over dead, and my life was saved.

It was some time before I recovered from the intense excitement of this scene.

CONCERNING AN OLD COPY-BOOK.

*Remember may be goes worst by
No goes between two p was f
And so I am p most goes to
Remember may goes worst to.*

SOME years ago I picked up from an old bookstall of a northern university town a Greek grammatical work of the seventeenth century. The volume, a small quarto, seemed to have seen a good deal of school or college life in its younger days, when it was a fashionable authority, and some homely hand had evidently encompassed it with a binding of parch-

ment when its original coat had grown threadbare. But this second binding also was worn, and as it flapped asunder my attention was drawn to the fact that the brown boards within seemed covered with writing in the old English hand. Interested by observing that this handwriting appeared to be of the same period as that of some local records of the

time of the Stuarts which then engaged my attention, I hastened to strip the fly-leaf from the stiffening beneath, and after some straining of the eyes to catch the purport of the inscription, I read the lines which head this article—

"Remember man as thow goest by
As thow art now, anes so was I,
And as I am, so most thow be,
Remember man that thow most die.
JOHNE SCOT."

A *memento mori* so singularly fitting the place and circumstance of its utterance awakened in me a lively curiosity to learn who might be the preacher who thus addressed me. Proceeding to separate the parchment and fly-leaves from the enclosed boards, I found that these consisted entirely of manuscript leaves joined together so as to form a tolerably thick pasteboard. Such was the number of these sheets, that had I not separated them with my own hands, I should have doubted the possibility of their being all packed within the compass. On examination, I found that they contained only school and college exercises of various kinds in English, Latin, and Greek, written in the first half of the seventeenth century, by three (apparently) brothers of the name of Scott. With these occurred various other fragments, among the most interesting of which was a waif of an old drama, being a single leaf bearing the commencement of a Scottish play, in which Douglas, the Kiming, Baliol, and David Bruce figure as *dramatis personæ*, and which had evidently been known to Hume, when he wrote the "Douglas Tragedy." A number of folio leaves cut in halves so as to fit the size of the cover in which they had been buried, when fitted together were found to compose an entire copy-book written in the years 1630-31 at "Selcric" or Selkirk (the Sael-circe or "Blessed Church," founded in his Forest of Ettrick by that "sair sanct" to the Scottish Crown, David I.). As the pages were consecutively dated as written, it was easy to arrange them, and restore the document to its original form.

Our copy-books now-a-days are usually quarto, erect or oblong, but this specimen of the seventeenth century is a "tall folio," so that the pupil had an ample field on which to exercise his imitative genius. His writing is not bad, while that of his teacher is a really beautiful specimen of the closing period of that old English or Gothic handwriting, which was so rapidly disappearing before the Italian or current hand of the present day.

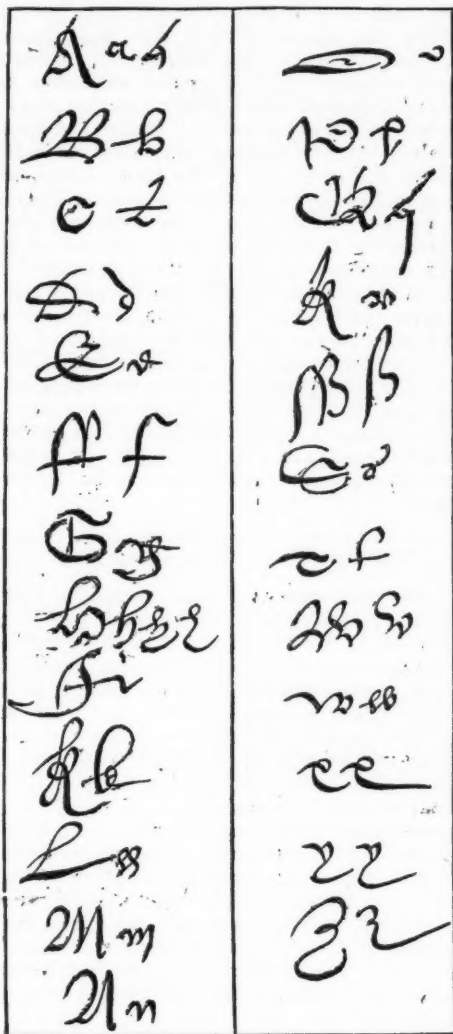
The history of English handwriting has yet to be written. The magnificent volumes of facsimile specimens of public documents, lately published by the Commissioners of the Public Records, afford a general idea of the historical progress of English writing. It need only be remarked here that the handwriting which we now use is not of native growth, but a foreigner, which a few generations ago was introduced among us, and finding favour, succeeded in displacing the older hand, and reigning in its room. Of this new hand, the slanted Roman or *italic* printing may be considered the type or central form, while the older Gothic penmanship similarly found its type in the Old English or *black-letter*. The change from the one style of handwriting to the other may therefore be compared with that from the black-letter printing to the Roman type, but with a difference in point of time; for while we have specimens of Roman printing from the earliest

dawn of the typographical art, so that the name of the father of English printing himself is perpetuated in the *Caxtonian* type, largely used at the present day, on the other hand the black-letter continued in use down to a comparatively recent date, so late even as the early editions of the authorised version of the Bible; the two types having had a parallel existence for a lengthened period. But during the latter half of the sixteenth century the corresponding change in written hand was nearly completed.

The State papers in the Record Office referring to this period furnish most interesting facts in connection with the history of this change. The Italian hand barely appears in English writing in the reign of Henry VIII. Mary Tudor and the chief men of her reign wrote only the Gothic; Queen Elizabeth and her ministers, Cecil, Roger Ascham, etc., employed only the Italian, and the State papers of her reign show the two styles side by side in striking contrast, the Italian however rapidly predominating. Indeed, one can hardly help fancying an association between the rival styles of penmanship and the two rival religious systems which then struggled for ascendancy in England. And in this light it is very curious that the adherents of the Roman faith clung to the Teutonic writing—witness Cardinal Pole, whose letters, although he was so intimately connected with Italy, are all in the Teutonic hand—while the professors of the Teutonic faith, at least the prominent men, were the writers of the Italian hand. Before the date of the copy-book, the Italian hand had come into general use for both public and private purposes in England—at least in London, in the trading and maritime towns, and the south generally. But the older hand lingered in secluded districts, where fewer influences were at work to bring about a change, where the writing taught by the old schoolmaster was adhered to by the generation which rose at his feet, and where, even when their children in due time acquired the modern hand, the old-fashioned town-clerk or recorder continued to practise the style he had mastered in his youth. So we find that the Gothic hand was still that taught to the schoolboys of Selkirk in 1630; and, as I have learned, it survived in the municipal records of the same burgh till 1667. In the still more secluded and "self-contained" town of Hawick, in the same district, the change took place half a century later, the Teutonic hand continuing down to 1718, and expiring simultaneously with the old town-clerk, whose successor without note or comment took up his predecessor's pen and continued the record in the modern handwriting. This must have been about the last survivor of the old style, for by this time the Italian hand was in full use for all ordinary purposes, and British penmanship had fairly passed from the domain of the Gothic into that of the classical languages. The Dutch writing has in like manner yielded to the influence of French fashion, but German calligraphy remains as a representative of the older style.

The Old English, as represented in my copy-book, resembles the modern German much more than the Roman, but differs from both in being written quite erect without slope. Some letters also are altogether peculiar, and it would be impossible to guess at their meaning from the knowledge of any modern handwriting: as for example *h*, which we now write above the line, the Germans both above and below like a long *s*, but which was in the old English of this period written below the line

only, and more like a *g* or *q* than any other letter. I remember once being appealed to by an aged lady, whose grandson was writing a letter under her inspection, if it was not right that in addressing his "Dear Father," he should write a "double *f*;" and I found it to be the custom with my old friend and her coevals to distinguish the letters of the alphabet not as *capital* and *small*, but as *double* and *single*. This



was no solecism, but once a correct description, for the alphabet of the copy-book shows that the capitals of several letters were simply double forms of the small. Some of my readers mayhap know a friend of old-world tastes, who despises the new-fangled distinctions of modern times, and insists upon writing his name as *francis fhoulkes* or *fhaulconer*.

The copy-book has been written by copying out on one side of the leaf a couplet or quartet in rhyme, and subsequently filling up the alternate blank pages with sets of the alphabet. The maxims of our own schoolboy days, proclaiming that "Procrastination is the thief of time," that "Honesty is the best policy," and that "Self-praise is no recommendation" (the two latter of which maxims the advertising

columns of the daily press indicate to have slipped from the memory of the present generation), and that other, "Command your hand, and join your letters,"—which by the way was made into a rhyme by the addition of the puzzling inference, "Curly dogs are good for setters,"—do not seem to have been formulated by the proverbial philosophers of those days. The headings of John Scot's copy-book consist of quaint moral verses, vividly reminding us of the poems of Dunbar and his fellow "makars" of the sixteenth century. Of these the memento which first revealed itself to my notice was one. In another, Absolom's *thrilling* or piercing is thus pointed to as a warning to headstrong youth who should tread his unfilial path:—

"Men for their fateris land, allace!
Manie are thirllit with great cair,
So Absolom schew you the caise
Quhilk on ane trie hang by the hair."

On another page the writer utters the prayer—

"O Lord, thou me defend from subtile sort of those
That frendship me pretend and be my mortall fois!"

But the majority of the verses seem to compose a connected poem upon the vicissitudes of life, and the duty of meeting them with courage and patience:—

"Sen first the world began
It hes beane variabill,
And ay the stait of man
In miserie mutabill.
"Sen thair is nathing stabill
Bot' turning to and fro,
Honest men sould be abill
To byde baith weil and wo.
"Ye sie the stormis blast
Garris' cluddis fall out in rane,
Bot, quhone' the schour is past
The sky will cleare agane.
"Constant curation is spyt
Best in adversitie,
And treuth can not be tryit
Without sum miserie.
"Quhair sair calamitie
Quersettis ane gentill hart,
Quha bearis it patientlie,
He playis ane prouident pairt.
"For after snaw and sleit
Sall cum the somer flouris,
Thay ar not worthe the sweit
That may not suffer souris.
"No pleasour is bot' pane,
As provis experiens,
Thairfoir let hope remane,
And tak in patience,
"For neirest heuvynes,
Quhone trubillis ar compleit,
Appeiris joyfulness
To glad the weirie spreit.
"Josephis presonnyng
His honour did decoir⁵
Mair royallie to ryng⁶
Than enir he did befor.
"Cum so—god sall restoir
Thy honest Innocence
To this honoure and gloir,⁷
Give⁸ thow have patience."

These quaint rhymes are probably considerably older than the vehicle in which they are conveyed. I have alluded to their recalling the poems of Dunbar,

¹ Without. ² Makes. ³ When. ⁴ Without. ⁵ Decorate, adorn.
⁶ Reign. ⁷ Glory, gloire. ⁸ If, gif.

and truly their subject was one that seems to have had special attraction for his muse; but there is an important difference in the mode of treatment. Dunbar writes ever as a weary disappointed man of the world, the bitter burden of whose heart-yearning is—

"All erdly joy returns in pain,"

while the feeling in these verses is that of the Christian who sees a silver lining to each cloud, and if he does not see in afflictions but "blessings in disguise," yet has faith to believe at least that—

"Quhone the schoure is past
The sky will cleare agane."

The opening verse reminds us strongly of one of Dunbar's:—

"I seek about this world unstable,
To find ane sentence convenable,
Bot I can not, in all my wit,
Sa true ane sentence find of it,
As say it is deceivable."

But while he proceeds to tell us—

"So next to summer winter been,
Next after comfort caris keen,
Next after joy, aye comes sorrow,
So is this world and aye has been."

In manlier strains the other sings—

"Next after heaviness, when sorrows are complete,
Appearis joyfulness to glad the weary sprit."

Even in the mirth of May, Dunbar must conjure up the image of the winter that is to follow:—

"Came never yet May so fresh and green
But Januar came as wud' and keen;
Was never sic drouth, but anis came rain,
All erdly joy returns in pain."

But in the depth of winter's storms the other could scent afar the sweet blossoms of June:—

"For after snaw and sleit,
Sall cum the somer flouris,
Thay ar not worthe the sweit
That may not suffer souris."

If this was a common spirit in the Scotland of 1630, no wonder it could weather so well the "stormis blast" of the ensuing half-century, and "tak in patience," till the sun again shone from behind the clouds.

The reverse of the pages which bear these poetic specimens, are, as already mentioned, occupied by sets of the alphabet of the period, capital and small. In writing neither has the scholar been allowed ruled lines to keep him straight, the teachers of that day evidently believing in no such royal road to this attainment; and judging that, as in the practical work of life, the writer must be a line unto himself, his practice should be directed towards the acquirement in the days of his youth.

The subscription of one page, "Written be me Johnne Scott with my hand in Selcricke, the 25 day of December, the yeir of God 1630" (see facsimile on p. 63), bears token that, as in most parts of Scotland to the present day, the "Christmas holidays," which are the grand era of the year to the English schoolboy, were unknown; while the want of entries during the first ten days of "Januar" indicates that, as now, Hogmany ushered in the holiday season which in England dates from the festival of the nativity. It was twenty years

before this date that King James, after his accession to the English throne, sent down an order that Christmas Day should henceforth be solemnly held in Scotland. The Court of Session accordingly rose for that day, and till the 8th of January ensuing. "This," says Calderwood, "was the first vacance of the session keept since the Reformation. The ministers threatened that the men who devised that novelty for their own advancement, might receive at God's hand their reward for their overthrow, for troubling the people of God with beggarly ceremonies long since abolished with popery. Christmas was not so keept by feasting and abstinence from work in Edinburgh these thretty year before, an evil example to the rest of the country." Again, on the 25th December, 1618, "Christmas was observed in Edinburgh at the command of the king; the churches were open, but the attendance was scant. The Great Kirk was not half filled, and the dogs were playing on the flure of the Little Kirk, for rarity of people." As the copy-book shows, the "evil example" does not seem to have spread very readily, and we know that after the Restoration in 1662 the general disregard paid to the day was the subject of many orders and decrees. Sundry naughty scrawls, "kittle h's," and flourishes which illustrate the margin of the pages, illustrate also the fact that boyish nature has not much changed during two and a half centuries. Even the approach of Valentine's Day is marked by the couplet of pastoral invocation which lurks between the lines,

"To my weill beloved spowse,
Margaret Scott, wha herded the yows."

But the most curious of the extraneous contents of the book is a form of summons or judicial note which occupies the top of the first page, and is an edifying specimen of the orthographical accomplishments of the executors of the law in the seventeenth century. It reads thus:—"Johne peter, wryter to his magisti iustice of pebelis and david peter my deput of the samyne to our lovite William cossen executoris heiroy coniunctli and severallie specielli constitut gritting; we chainge yow ye lafulli sumond warn and charge W^m Carnes in singli to comper befor us coniunctli or severalli in the tolbothe of selcricke the said day of may in the our of caus to gif yowr ansuer upon the clem perferit be Johne Scot of Gilminsclouch with sertification the samyne." An error having been made in the last proper name, the sheet had been rejected, and as paper was paper in those days, it was stitched into the copy-book to economise its blank space.

A sample of the Latin exercises of the time is furnished by the following *argumentum vertendum*, in which the adage that "drowning men catch at straws" suggests a moral simile. "The men of this generation who cannot be drawne from earthlie and worldlie confortes ar lyk vnto them that falles into a water in hazerd of ther lyfe, who dois grip vnaudyssedlie at anie thyng that falles in ther hand, altho it can do them no good, as ar the rootes of herbes and so forthe; so wretches perrishes in the grit sea of this world whil they follow after thinges perrishing and forgois thinges byding, quhairby they may be safe." The curious grammar of "them that falles," "wretches perrishes," must not be laid to the charge of the writer; so far back as the date of the Durham-book or Lindisfarne Gospels, the northern dialect made the plural of the verb as well

as the noun in *s—we loves, ye have, they seekes,* and “them that falles,” is still the current vernacular north of the Humber.

Such are some of the points illustrated by the old

copy-book. We give a facsimile of the alphabet from its pages, and two other specimens for further comparison, which have been accurately copied by the graphotype process.

J. A. H. M.

*W. Waldegrave to me to give to you with my
hand in - for the 25 day of
December the year of God 1630*

Varieties.

SAMUEL WALDEGRAVE, LATE BISHOP OF CARLISLE.—The last will and testament of the late Bishop of Carlisle, dated (August 5) two months before his death, is prefaced with these words:—“This is the last will and testament of Samuel Waldegrave, Bishop of Carlisle. I desire, in the first place, to testify that I die in the faith of Christ crucified, and as a sinner saved by grace alone, humbly trusting in the blood and righteousness of my Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and in the full assurance of that eternal and unchangeable love of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, one triune God, which it has been my joy and delight to have been permitted to proclaim throughout my beloved diocese whenever I had the opportunity, and whose doctrines, as they have been my comfort in life, are now my stay and support in the prospect of death and of eternity.” Pious prefaces were once more common in wills than they are now. With good Bishop Waldegrave this was no mere form of words.

SANITARY ARRANGEMENTS AS INFLUENCING RATE OF LIFE.—The remarkably low death-rate in Bristol has lately attracted much attention, and elicited reports from other towns. A medical officer at Salisbury, Mr. A. B. Middleton, has given the result of fifteen years’ experience of sanitary works, as follows:—For 12 years immediately preceding sanitary works the average annual death-rate of Salisbury was about 27 in 1,000. For 12 years after good drainage and water supply that average fell to 20 in 1,000, and for the last three years it has been only 17 in 1,000. Typhus fever has been all but unknown, and cholera, which destroyed nearly 200 in 1849, before sanitary works, killed only 14 in 1854, when those works were in progress, and all of those deaths occurred in premises then remaining in their old, dirty, and undrained state. In 1866 not one cholera case originated in Salisbury. It is true that a man was brought from a village near Southampton in a dying condition to his parents’ house here, but no infection resulted. Although small in area, Salisbury for many reasons may be deemed a good example for useful comparison with other cities as regards sanitary work. Its numerical population varies but little, the people themselves are stationary, and the registration district is one strictly urban. Tested by the experience of this long period of fifteen years, the death-rate has kept steadily down; indeed, not in any one year has it risen even so high as the old average, while in two years it has fallen so low as 14 in 1300 per annum, I believe the very lowest ratio recorded in any city for a whole year. The reality of this steady death reduction will very clearly appear by placing in comparison the total number of births and deaths for long periods before and after drainage, as in the annexed table:—

	Total Births.	Total Deaths.
For 12 years before drainage, etc.	3,320	3,015
For 12 years since drainage, etc.	3,413	2,213

The births before drainage exceeded the deaths only by 305 in 12 years, but since, for a like period, that excess has risen to 1,200. The actual decrease of deaths was 802. Sanitary reform may claim, if not all, a large portion of 802 lives thus saved.

AMERICAN NATIONAL EDUCATION.—In June, 1866, a Bill was introduced in the House of Representatives of the United

States “to establish a national bureau of education.” It was referred to a select committee, of which Mr. James A. Garfield, of Ohio, was chairman. The committee reported strongly in favour of the bill, and Mr. Garfield, in introducing it, made some important statements. He showed that to fourteen states and territories of the Union, Congress had given 53,000,000 acres of public lands for the support of schools, that at least 50,000,000 dollars had been given for the same object by private persons, and that in several states more than fifty per cent. of the state taxes were imposed for the maintenance of common schools. To show the importance of central supervision and prompt action he stated as follows:—“According to the census of 1860 there were 1,218,311 free white inhabitants of the United States over twenty-one years of age who could not read nor write, and 871,418 of these were American-born citizens. One-third of a million of people are being annually thrown upon our shores from the Old World, a large percentage of whom are uneducated, and the gloomy total has been swelled by the 4,000,000 slaves admitted to citizenship by the events of the war. Such, sir, is the immense force which we must now confront by the genius of our institutions and the light of our civilisation. How shall it be done? An American citizen can give but one answer. We must pour upon them all the light of our public schools. We must make them intelligent, industrious, patriotic citizens, or they will drag us and our children down to their level.”

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.—A statue of Abraham Lincoln, in Prospect Park, New York, was unveiled on the 21st of October, last year. This statue was erected by means of a dollar-subscription-fund raised by citizens, without regard to party connection. The statue is of bronze, about nine feet high, and represents the figure of the late President standing, with the folds of a cloak draped about him; his left hand is extended, and holds a manuscript. The head is uncovered. The figure stands upon a base of Scotch granite, and faces the west. On the sides of the pedestal are various emblems and inscriptions. On the east and west wreaths enclosing the letters “U. S. A.” and “U. S. N. ;” on the south an eagle holding a shield, in the centre of which is a female holding an axe, and supported by a bundle of reeds, with the motto, “Een draght maakt Maght ;” on the north is an eagle with a broken shackle in his talons. The sculptor is Mr. H. K. Brown, and he himself unveiled the statue in the presence of at least 15,000 persons. [A memoir of Abraham Lincoln appeared in the “Leisure Hour” for February, 1868.]

SANITARY ACT, WITH PENALTIES.—Under the “Sanitary Act, 1866,” penalties are recoverable from persons who wilfully do certain actions which tend to spread dangerous contagious disease, viz., any person who, while suffering from such a disease, enters any public conveyance without notifying to the owner or driver that he is so suffering, or wilfully exposes himself, without proper precautions against spreading the disorder, in any street, public place, or conveyance; or who, being in charge of a child or other person so suffering, so exposes the sufferer; any owner or driver of a public conveyance who does not immediately provide for the disinfection of his conveyance

after it has, to his knowledge, conveyed a person so suffering; any person who, without previously disinfecting, gives, lends, sells, transmits, or exposes any bedding, clothing, rags, or other things which have been exposed to infection from such disorders; and lastly, any person who knowingly lets any house, room, or part of a house, in which any person suffering from a dangerous contagious disorder has been, without having disinfected the same to the satisfaction of a medical practitioner to be tested by a certificate. Under the same Act large powers are given to local authorities for the purpose of preventing the spread of contagious disorders, viz., to cause any infected house or part of a house to be cleansed and disinfected; and to provide a proper place, with all necessary apparatus and attendance, for the disinfection of articles (such as clothing or bedding) which have become infected, and to cause any articles brought for the purpose to be disinfected free of charge. Powers are also given to provide hospitals, either temporary or permanent, and carriages for the conveyance to them of the sick; and to provide places for the reception of dead bodies. Where a hospital for the reception of the sick has been provided within a district, a justice, on application, may order any person suffering from a dangerous contagious disorder, and being without proper lodging or accommodation, or lodged in a room occupied by more than one family, to be removed to such hospital at the cost of the local authority; and where a mortuary has been provided, the removal to it of dead bodies, at the cost of the local authority, may, in certain cases, also be ordered. [Another offence seems not included in the Act, that of parents sending children to school without sufficient interval for convalescence. A distressing case of this kind lately came under our notice. A child was sent back by careless or ignorant parents to a school, carrying death to several of the pupils, and breaking up the whole establishment.]

SCARLET FEVER.—Every person who sickens with the disease should at once be removed from among the healthy; and if his circumstances do not permit of this being done in his own home, he ought to be treated in hospital. The room to be used as sick-room should be divested of every unnecessary thing to which dust and fluff are likely to attach. The room should be thoroughly well ventilated (as by windows and chimney) directly from and into the open air. Persons in attendance on the sick should be persons who already have had the disease. Between the sick-room and the rest of the house there should be no unnecessary intercourse. In the room and on the person of the patient every practicable disinfection should be effected without delay. Some strong disinfectant fluid should always be in use in the room for the various occasions which arise, with reference to the discharges and utensils of the sick, and the hands of the attendants. Handkerchiefs and other like articles, as soon as soiled by the patient, should be well scalded with boiling water, or immersed in the disinfectant fluid; and bedding, and other like articles which cannot be treated thus extemporaneously, should be removed, suitably packed, to the place where they can be otherwise disinfected. It is believed that the dispersion of contagious dust from the patient's skin is impeded by keeping his entire body (including limbs and head and face) constantly anointed with oil or other grease; and some practitioners also believe this treatment to be of advantage to the patient himself. When the patient's convalescence is complete, the final disinfection of his surface should be effected by warm baths, with abundant soap, taken on three or four successive days, till no trace of roughness of the skin remains. After this process, and with clean clothes, he may be deemed again safe for association; but previously to this, however slight may have been his attack, he ought always to be regarded as dangerous to persons susceptible of scarlatina. This caution is of particular importance with regard to schools: and the neglect of it when children return to school, after they have had slight scarlatina, is often a principal source of epidemic infection in districts. Intercoourses from houses in which there is scarlatina with other houses should not be more than necessary; especially children from infected houses (who often may themselves be breeding the disease) should not be allowed to frequent schools and other assemblages of young people. The bodies of persons dead of scarlatina should be buried with the least possible delay, and should not ever, in the meantime, be kept in rooms inhabited by living persons. When scarlatina has ended in a house, the sick-room should be thoroughly cleansed and disinfected before being again used by healthy people.—*Dr. Simon, of the Board of Health.*

GROUND NUTS, OR EARTH NUTS.—The seeds sent by J. T. are those of the ground nut (*Arachis hypogaea*). It is a leguminous plant (*Leguminosae*), of the sub-order *Hedysoreae*. The plant is a native of South America, but cultivated in the

Southern States of North America, in the south of Europe, in Asia and Africa. It is an annual, growing to the height of about two feet, with a trailing, straggling habit. In South Carolina the nuts roasted are used as chocolate. The fresh nuts are largely consumed by the negroes. A sweet fixed oil is obtained from the seeds, which is said not to turn rancid, like olive oil, by keeping. There is a remarkable point in the natural economy of the plant. After the flowers fall off, the pods are forced into the ground by a motion of the stalks, and being gradually buried, the ripe pods are only to be obtained by digging three or four inches under the soil, and hence the name.—*Hogg's "Vegetable Kingdom and its Products."* (A most useful popular compendium.)

BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—A company has been formed and an Act of Parliament obtained for the erection of a large public aquarium at Brighton. The site chosen for the building is at the foot of the Chain Pier, below the cliff, commencing at the toll-house, where ample space can be found for every requirement. Here a sea wall is to be built and a road laid down, which will enclose an area of ground measuring 700 feet by 100 feet. Towards the construction of this wall and roadway the corporation of Brighton have agreed to contribute the sum of £7,000. Upon this spot a spacious aquarium is to be erected, which will not only afford a popular recreation, but by its scientific organisation and classification will be most valuable to the cause of natural history, and will give ample facility for the more intimate study of ichthyology, a science which, somewhat to our discredit, is in anything but a satisfactory condition at present. Mr. Lloyd, the present manager of the Hamburg Aquarium (which is by far the best and most successful one at present existing), is mentioned as the manager.

LONDON GRAVEYARDS.—There is no need to level the graves or to remove the tombstones; the trees which should be planted—weeping willow, birch, ash, weeping elm, etc.—will look all the better for being picturesquely grouped among the tombstones and other irregularities of the surface. Why should we keep our churchyards jealously locked up? There are one or two exceptions, the burial-ground in Paddington Street, Marylebone, for example; but the exceptions are very few in number. It would appear that all these restrictions are devised in the interest of the licensed victuallers, for if a poor man wants a quiet place where he can sit down and think for a few minutes he must do it in a public-house parlour or a coffee-shop.—*Times.*

DIAMONDS IN AFRICA.—Most of the diamonds hitherto discovered in South Africa have been found by natives, and by them sold for sums much beneath their real value, and in many cases bartered for sheep or cattle. For instance, the one of 83½ carats was found by a bushman while herding his master's cattle, and was by him exchanged for 500 sheep and ten head of cattle to a farmer, who on the following day sold it for £11,200.

JOHN WESLEY IN 1790.—About the same time that I thus first heard the most perfect of forensic orators I was also present at an exhibition equally admirable, and which had a powerful effect on my mind. It was, I believe, in October, 1790, and not long before his death, that I heard John Wesley, in the great round Meeting-house at Colchester. He stood in a wide pulpit, and on each side of him stood a minister, and the two held him up, having their hands under his armpits. His feeble voice was barely audible. But his reverend countenance, especially his long white locks, formed a picture never to be forgotten. There was a vast crowd of lovers and admirers. It was for the most part pantomime, but the pantomime went to the heart. Of the kind I never saw anything comparable to it in after life. So greatly was the preacher revered that the people stood in a double line to see him as he passed through the street on his way to the chapel. After the people had sung one verse of a hymn he arose and said: "It gives me great pleasure to find that you have not lost your singing. Neither men nor women—you have not forgotten a single note. And I hope that by the assistance of the same God which enables you to sing well, you may do all other things well." A universal amen followed. At the end of every head or division of his discourse, he finished by a kind of prayer, a momentary wish as it were, not consisting of more than three or four words, which was always followed by a universal buzz. His discourse was short—the text I could not hear. After the last prayer, he rose up and addressed the people on liberality of sentiment, and spoke much against refusing to join with any congregation on account of difference in opinion. He said, "If they do but fear God, work righteousness, and keep his commandments, we have nothing to object to."—*Crabb Robinson's Diary.*